

SOCIETY AND HORSES BEGIN

ALL IN READINESS FOR THE OPENING.

Invited Guests Lunched and Witnessed the Preliminary Rehearsal Yesterday Afternoon.

EVERYTHING ABOUT IT WAS SUPERBLY MANAGED

Madison Square Garden Is gorgeously decorated, and the Stables Are Crowded with Equine Aristocrats Awaiting Their Hour of Triumph.



These Will Be Seen at the Horse Show.

sober and J. H. Bradford—whom his friends call "Bunt"—pressed close to the ring-side.

President Fellows There.

Cornelius Fellows, president of the association, and Colonel Lawrence Kip were in evidence at various points, while C. J. Hamlin and his handsome son Harry, just arrived from Buffalo with two carloads of prize trotting bred horses, hastened to a front box.

In Correct Horse Show Dress.

Most of the gentlemen who came to the luncheon wore correct Horse Show costume, and the "correct" idea seemed to strike a great many minds the same way. Silk hats, pearl-gray trousers, long, dark frock coats, puffed ties of white or crimson, light gloves, enamelled boots, and crook sticks.

Luncheon was served at 1:45. There were a dozen long tables, as daintily laid as those at the Waldorf. Wax candles, under orange shades, shed soft radiance over the silver and glass and damask. Big mag-

netly hung harness sets, saddles and horse clothing.

The stables are ablaze with light from a thousand incandescent globes, and the vivid colors of the blankets and headstalls make a brave show in the subway.

The ringmaster's costume was a model of correctness in equestrian attire. He wore a high hat, high collar and crimson puff tie, a cutaway coat, tight riding breeches and polished top boots with brass spurs. His sceptre of office was a riding crop.

Heading the procession came four footmen in the orange and black livery of the association, tall-hatted, white-breeched and booted. Then followed two tigers in zouave jackets, white breeches and boots. After them came twenty uniformed employees of Madison Square Garden, and then eighty grooms, in jockey caps, orange and black striped waistcoats and white duck work-

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The Hackney and Tr Particularly Well F oughed Department

By Francis Tr

AND as for the horse, the prime incentive in the whole affair, but often left comparatively out of sight in considering it, he will be grandly represented in most of his varieties, from the majestic thoroughbred to the diminutive and impudent "Sheltie." As usual some classes are weak and some exhibitors who have been to the fore in former years are lacking.

Oliver H. P. Belmont is an absentee, and the handsome maroon that is the emblem of the family on the turf and on the road will be missed in the four-in-hand classes. Mr. Belmont recently sold his show horses at auction, and while he repurchased his most famous prize-winner, Rockingham, after the sale, he did not enter the horse.

Mr. Belmont's brother-in-law, Mr. "Sam" Howland, is another whose name will be missed. Heretofore he has been a large exhibitor of hunters and saddle horses, with an occasional excursion into the harness region. In the hunter classes he is only one of many who have drawn out, but though there is a decided falling off in these events, this will be no disadvantage, as the classes have been cumbersome and difficult to dispose of within the period allotted to them.

There are in all 1,289 entries to the show. The strongest classes are those devoted to harness, which fairly bristle with interesting features. The hackney and trotting classes filled most satisfactorily, the latter showing a decided improvement over recent years. The thoroughbred department is lamentably weak, worse even than usual. Saddle horses, roadsters and ponies will be leading features, but another disappointment crops up in the French coaching class, where only one stallion is entered.

THE Horse Show opens officially at 9 o'clock this morning, but practically at noon, when the preliminary trials of the jumpers will take place.

In reality it opened yesterday, and so did a great many magnums of champagne. The "complimentary luncheon" was the primal feature of the show, and nearly two hundred invited guests sat down to the well served tables, laid in the cafe of Madison Square Garden. They were guests of the National Horse Show Association of America.

The luncheon was informal, and preceded a parade of the equine beauties who will compete for the ribbons and purses. It was, if the term may be applied, a sort of "vanishing day," or dress rehearsal, of the Thirtieth Annual Horse Show.

Only invited guests were present at this "stag" luncheon, and "private view," and the list included most of the men prominent in New York society—especially in the horsey set.

Everything is practically ready for the opening. The interior of the mammoth hippodrome is a blaze of orange and black—the association colors. Great banners, draperies and gonfalons are looped and draped and hung from every available point, and the very immensity of the color scheme justifies its audacity.

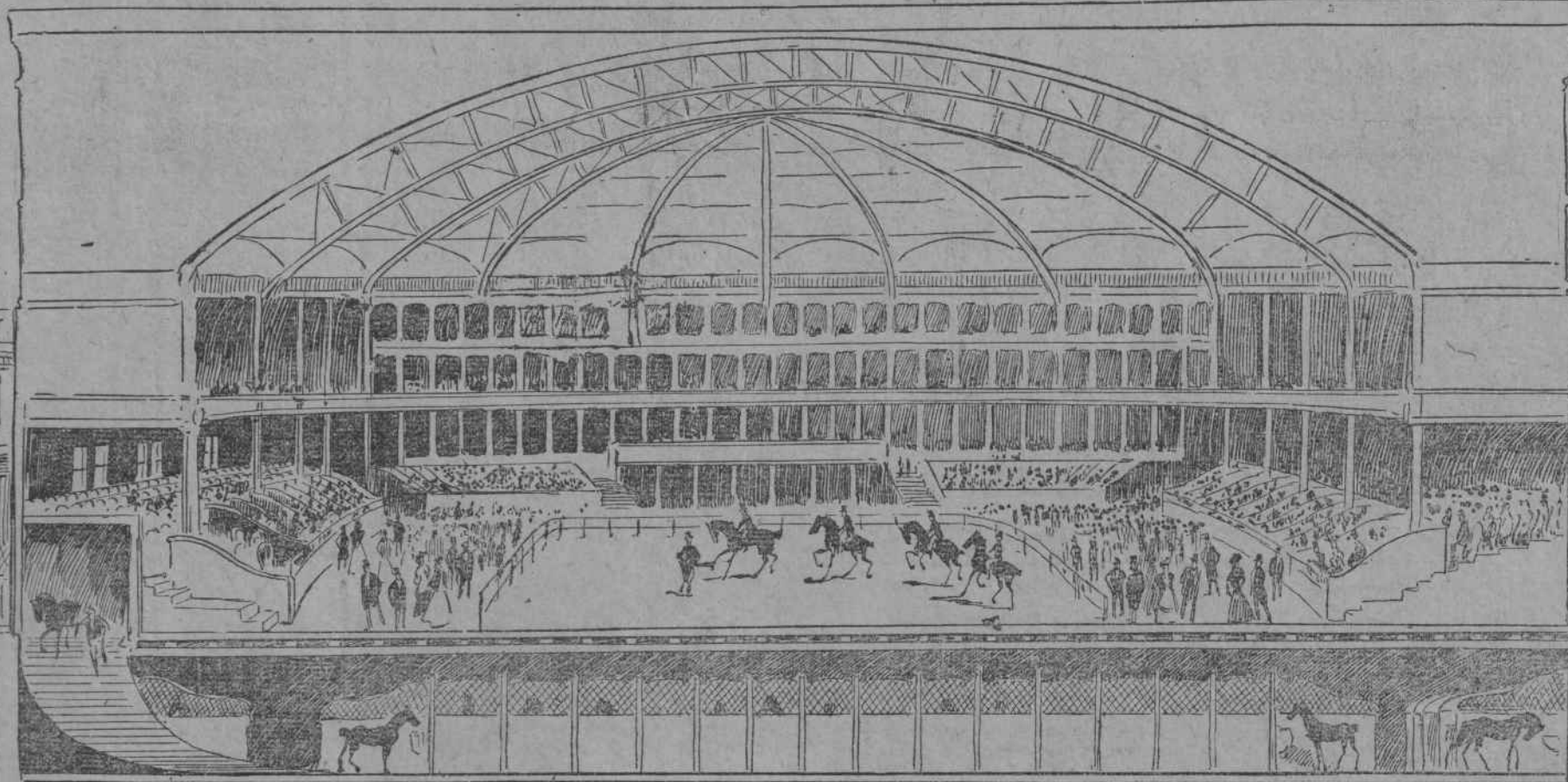
A Great Promenade.

A twenty-foot promenade separates the seats and lower-tier boxes from the heavy rail which surrounds the swinging oval of the grand arena. In the centre of the arena, a blaze of brass and crimson, is the rostrum from which the judges will view the aristocratic equine candidates for the coveted purses and ribbons.

TO THE HORSES.

But the subway stalls are all insufficient to accommodate the glossy-coated beauties which have come to the annual triumph. So half of Twenty-seventh street has been usurped and turned into an additional stabling room. A great pine structure follows the line of the Garden building for nearly its whole length, extending out into the middle of the street. Access to it is gained from one of the exit doors at the east end of the building. In this supplementary stable are lodged as many horses almost as in the subway stables.

The Board of Directors has not stopped



SCENE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN YESTERDAY AT THE PRELIMINARY PARADE.

Down in the wide subway which encircles the great building, hundreds of stalls have been built in double tier. Each of them contains a horse of high degree, watched and attended like a prima donna. A wide promenade between the tiers permits of the passage of grooms, trainers, owners and spectators. At the head of the

background for the glittering phalanxes of

at the great arena. The stables have been beautifully "fixed up," too. A wainscoting of long, golden rye straw, held in place by ribbons of cherry and blue, conceals the garish white brick walls of the subway and the rough pine planking of the supplementary stables. It furnishes an admirable

While the guests were at luncheon Superintendent Frank Clark, Ringmaster Allen and a small army of grooms in livery had been getting ready for the rehearsal and parade. Sergeant Hayes, the official bugler, late of the English Life Guards, brave in hussar jacket and cap, white breeches and shining-spurred top boots, stood ready by the main entrance. Promptly at 3 o'clock, as the Gypsy Orchestra in the luncheon room ceased playing, Hayes's bugle sounded "boots and stirrups" and the 200 guests stroled to vantage point around the arena, sniffing the pungent odor of the fresh tanbark with the anticipatory glee of a lot of schoolboys at a circus.

Willie Tiffany, who wore a crimson scarf, and Center Hitchcock, who wore a wondrous orange chrysanthemum, formed a statuesque group on the landing of the stairs leading to the balcony. They wore silk tiles of special black and carried sticks about half again as long as those affected by less swagger young men. Hamilton Hercules Carey stood at the upper end of the ring, overlooking the weird and wonderful headgear which is the crowning triumph of "Fatty" Bates's specially designed Horse Show toilette. John Heck-

Former Superintendent of Police Thomas J. Byrnes conversed with former Corporation Counsel W. H. Clarke and his brother, "Eddie" Clarke. The Clarkes have recently bought a string of ten good yearlings, which are under Mat Allen's charge, at Morris Park, and will start racing in the near future.

Milton Young, the big Kentucky breeder and proprietor of the McGrathiana stud, sat in a front box. He will judge the thoroughbreds in the competitions.

Others who sat or stood about waiting for the grand entree were: David Bonner, Alfred N. Beadleston, Stevens Constable, General George S. Field, ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, C. A. Van Rensselaer, George Wil-

ling trousers.

Paraded Like Soldiers.

The men circled the ring, paraded in line like veteran soldiers, saluted and then all the circle of the ring, then reversed, retired and gave way to the mares and yearlings.

No vehicles were shown. No vehicles were brought into the arena yesterday, but the whole lower end of the Garden is crowded with them—massive tall-ho's, stately victorias and landaus, neat broughams, spider-like "bike" road wagons and sulkies, T carts, dog-carts, drags, brooks, runabouts, track carts, pony carts and what not.

After the entire rehearsal the guests began to depart. A few remained to saunter around the stables, but even they were gone by 4 o'clock.

display, each apparently conscious of that fact. Twice these beautiful horses made the circle of the ring, then reversed, retired and gave way to the mares and yearlings.

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In considering the thoroughbred classes it is interesting to note that while only two stallions are entered for the prize of \$525, one of these halls from as far a point as Hamilton, Ont. This is Imp. Derwentwater, a chestnut horse owned by Mr. William Hendrie, President of the Canadian Jockey Club.

Frank Beard's Entry.

Of all the men who own good-looking thoroughbred horses in this neighborhood only one is going to have a try for the money. Mr. Frank D. Beard, of Brooklyn, who enters Lazzarone, the grand looking son of Spendthrift and Spinaway, that won the Suburban of 1895 for him and his brother, Mr. J. Robinson Beard.

The representation of mares is little stronger. Mr. Edward Kelly, the banker, enters Kalliohoe; Mr. R. W. Nelson, of the Chestnut Hill Stock Farm, Empress Peggy; and Mr. Theodore Patterson, of the



Some of the Newest Concepts.

